ONE LIFE TAKEN.

Pinkerton's Men Shoot from a Train and Terence Begley Falls a Victim.

Arrest of the Guards—Six Men Held to Await the Coroner's Action.

The Jeering and Stone-Throwing of a Mob—Comment and Opinion.

[Chicago special.]

When it was announced that the strike was over the big packers went out to purchase hogs. Armour & Co. bought 2,000, and the market went up twenty-five cents per 100 pounds. The fact that the old men were to be taken back sent consternation to the hearts of the imported men, and they concluded that they had better tender their resignations. Mr. Cudahy, of Armour's house, asked the men to remain, and head clerk Somers told them that if they remembered their numbers they could at any time secure employment at Armour's. No inducement could be given the men to stay. They flatly refused, and finally a train was sent for to take them to the city.

One hundred and sixty Pinkerton men, under the command of Capt. Frank Joy, were detailed to escort the men. They occupied the three rear coaches of the train. At the Stock Yards Y, at Thirty-ninth street, the train was blocked for a moment by a freight train. Another detachment of guards was taken on board at this point, and the train again started for the city. A crowd of about two hundred men and boys, who had been detained by passing trains, were gathered at the south side of the crossing. They broke out into a chorus of jeers and cat-calls, but it is claimed by witnesses that no demonstration of actual violence was made. On the other hand, it is charged that they bombarded the train with rocks, and that somebody in the crowd fired a pistol. However this may be, the train had scarcely passed Halsted street crossing when a man on the rear platform fired a revolver into the crowd. The Pinkerton men in the rear followed with a regular volley of shots out of the windows of the train, aimed at the crowd, and Terence Begley, a well-known citizen of Lake, was mortally wounded. The Pinkerton men, as eye-witnesses say, fired in every direction, and did not cease the fusillade until Wallace street, three blocks distant from Halsted street, was reached.

Terence Begley, the fatally injured man, was leading his horse slowly westward on Halsted street when the shot was fired. He dropped the bridle and exclaimed: "I am shot." A brakeman named Russell helped the wounded man to a saloon near by, where a hasty examination was made. The wound was not discovered, and Begley was told that he was only frightened. In a dazed manner he started toward Flannigan's packing house. He had taken but a few steps when he suddenly fell to the ground. A wagon was procured and he was taken to his home, 4211 Emerald avenue, where a thorough examination showed that the bullet had passed through the abdomen, entering at the right side and coming out on the left side, glancing upward. Late in the night the unfortunate man died. Previously his ante-mortem statement was taken. It is as follows:

"My name is Terence Begley. I am 41 years old. I think I cannot live, and make this as my dying statement as to how I received the shot this 19th day of October, 1886. At about 12 o'clock I was going with a cripple cart containing one hog to Shoeneman's slaughter-house, near Fortieth and Halsted streets, in the Town of Lake, county of Cook, and State of Illinois. I had passed the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern crossing, and was going north and was near Mr. M. Schmidt's saloon on Halsted street, and was leading my horse by the head. Immediately after passing the crossing a passenger train of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad came from the Stock Yards east filled with Pinkerton policemen. As they passed this crossing, where a large crowd had congregated, cries of 'Scabs' were heard from the crowd. As the rear end of the train passed the east side of Halsted street four or five or six shots were fired. I saw quite a number of Pinkerton men standing on the rear platform of the train. I saw no one shoot, but heard the shots and felt that I was shot, and left my horse and ran to Shoeneman's slaughter-house and sat down and told Pat Martin, a police officer of the Town of Lake, that I was shot. I at no time made any outcry or allusion to the Pinkerton men, and had nothing whatever to do with the crowd at the crossing, but attended strictly to my own business."

Begley was too weak to sign his name, but touched the pen, and his mark was made. The witnesses were J. P. Mulcahey, Sergeant of Police; Frank Becker, and William Ryan.

Immediately after the shooting the greatest excitement prevailed, and had Capt. Markey, of the Town of Lake Police, stopped the train, as was suggested, general riot and bloodshed would have been inevitable. The Captain let the train pass, and telephoned to the Twenty-second Street Police Station. From this place and from the Armory squads of officers were immediately dispatched to the scene.

Excited groups of people assembled on every corner and expressed by word and action the deepest indignation. There were no violent demonstrations, but the word went around that if the Pinkerton men who did the shooting were brought back and lodged in the town jail there would be trouble before morning.

The train was met at Harrison street by the city police, and 123 Pinkerton men and about sixty men and boys who had left employment in the stock yards were marched to the Armory. The workmen, being unarmed, were at once discharged. The Pinkerton men then arranged themselves in lines, and three small boys from Lake, John Boland, Timothy Neiland, and B. Hickey, who claimed to have seen the shooting, were told to identify the men who had fired.

The lads, after some hesitation, picked out of the crowd Joseph Hill and Walter Andrews, both young men. After the identification of the two the Pinkerton men were marched into the police court-room, where each man's rifle or pistol was examined. Only one weapon that showed evidence of having recently been discharged was found. An empty shell was found in the Winchester carried by Emmons Shaw.

After the examination William A. Pinkerton stepped forward, calling out:

"All who fired shots from the cars stand up like men. There's nothing to be frightened about."

One young man rose and went to Mr. Pinkerton. His name was Robert J. Bratram.

"There must be more," said Mr. Pinkerton, "for about twelve shots were fired."

Two beardless young fellows who were sitting together, Richard D. Lakes and Guy Stivers, then went forward. The six men were locked up, and will be held pending judicial inquiry. Hill and Andrews, whom the boys claimed to have identified, did not admit having done any shooting. The other Pinkerton men were released.

The Local Press.

Chicago *Daily News:* Yesterday's occurrences should be the death-knell of the employment of armed men by any but the lawfully constituted authorities. Until these have demonstrated their inadequacy to protect property and preserve the peace, no private citizen, nor any number of such, may usurp their functions. That way lies civil warfare and the reign of the mob.

Inter Ocean: The action of the Pinkerton police, shooting into a crowd of people, appears to have been wholly unjustifiable. Unless circumstances more palliating than any yet brought out can be shown, the men who participated in the dastardly deed ought to receive the full punishment allotted to such crimes by the law. It is very unfortunate that just when the labor troubles were being amicably adjusted, a few bad men, intrusted with guns and temporary authority, should, by an act both foolish and criminal, stir up anew the spirit of resentment. In such times only cool-headed men should be intrusted either with authority or fire-arms, as action such as that yesterday not only incites the people against the guardians of the peace, but tends to bring them into contempt. Mr. Pinkerton's future usefulness will be lessened by yesterday's occurrence.

REVIEWING THE STRIKE.

A Short History of Its Causes and a Comparison with Former Strikes.

[From the Chicago Daily News.]

Regarding the great stock yards strike which has just terminated, a short review of its history and the causes which led to it may not prove uninteresting, because it occupies a peculiar position in the history of great labor troubles. It may be said to be the first occasion on which a large body of organized men retreated in good order, with ranks unbroken. In this respect it is entirely different from its great predecessor of 1879–80.

In the early months of 1879 a number of men met and organized the Butchers' Union. Previous to the organization of this union there had been no combined action on the part of the men employed in the packing industry. This union was a success from the start. It rapidly drew into its circles the large majority of the 10,000 men employed in the yards. Confiding in its strength, the union demanded and obtained from the packers an increase of 25 cents a day. This was in August. The union grew in power and began to arrogate to itself supreme control of the whole packing industry. Jack Hart, a butcher in the employ of Armour, was asked to join the union and refused. Several others declined to join, and the union demanded their discharge, laying down the rule that non-union men should not work with union men. The packers called a halt, and refused to accede to a demand they considered flagrantly unjust. They had foreseen trouble, and had perfected an organization similar to the one now existing. They resolved not to recognize the union as a body, and prepared for the strike which was inevitable. The men struck on December 18, 1879. No body of men were ever more confident of success. The same arguments and statements were made by both sides as were advanced in the last strike. The men claimed that they were indispensable, and that it was impossible to fill their places. The packers claimed that they were paying bigger wages than any others in the country. They called attention to the advantages of Western packing points, and threatened to move their business to these, the natural locations of the packing industry. The newspapers deplored the situation, and predicted the decadence of Chicago as a packing center.

The fight was a long and bitter one. The men exhausted all the weapons used in former strikes and invented new ones. As fast as experts were obtained they were induced to quit, the union paying them their wages in full. The packers advertised all over the country for help, and hundreds of green hands poured in from all directions. They were put to work as fast as they applied. All the packers were not involved in the struggle, several of the smaller firms acceding to the demand of the union. The following firms were directly interested: Armour & Co., Ricker Provision Company, Fowler Brothers, Chapin & Cudahy, Allerton Packing Company, Jones & Stiles, and Baldwin.

The Butchers' Union was rapidly becoming demoralized. Their funds vanished, and the families of the strikers were in want of food. One by one they joined the ranks of the so-called "scabs," a word which had just entered the vocabulary of labor nomenclature. As the cause waned, the remnant of the strikers grew more desperate. Assaults and overt acts increased. Several men were shot at; others were stabbed and cut. The whole town of Lake was permeated with lawlessnes. Meanwhile the packers were having things all their own way. House after house joined the non-union movement. The strikers who returned were requested to sign an obligation binding themselves to join no society inimical to the interests of the packers. The union was on the point of dissolution. On Jan. 14, 1880, the great strike made its last desperate struggle and expired, and with it the Butchers' Union, which gave it birth. The rush to secure positions became a stampede. On that day thousands made application for work. Many were refused. Infuriated by a sense of overwhelming defeat, and maddened by rage and hunger, they made an onslaught on the houses. Armed with clubs and "gam-sticks," they forced their way into the houses, their ranks swelled by hundreds of thugs and roughs. The men in the houses fled for their lives. Many were beaten, some severely, and for a day the mob reigned. It was the last of the strike. Order was soon secured and maintained. Hundreds of the strikers never regained those situations they imperiled when they struck. The strikers lost $350,000 in wages, besides their time. They gained an experience, however, which may have been worth the price paid.

No local organization ever superseded the Butchers' Union. The Knights of Labor obtained a footing in the stock yards, and to-day include fully 23,000 stock-yard employes. The eight-hour day was carried last spring, after a nominal strike lasting but two days. The Coopers' Assembly of the Knights of Labor appointed a committee, which waited on the packers. Mr. Kent offered ten hours' pay for nine hours' work, or nine hours' pay for eight hours' work. The men accepted the latter proposition. The same day the men throughout the yards struck for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. The second day of the strike the superintendent of G. W. Swift, by a misapprehension, it is claimed, put up a notice granting the demand. The news spread through the yards, and before night the same surrender was made by nearly every house in Packingtown. Ken soon gave the same terms and the strike came to a speedy and bloodless termination. The eight-hour system has been in operation since, and the packers claim that for them it has proven a failure. All offers made by them to the employes for a compromise having failed, they decided to return to the ten-hour day, and the strike now terminated is the result.

NATIONAL QUESTIONS

Discussed from a Republican Standpoint by Senator John Sherman, of Ohio.

He Pays His Respects to Grover, and Shows the False Pretenses of the Democratic Party.

[Report of a speech delivered at Portsmouth, Ohio.]

In the course of his remarks Mr. Sherman spoke of the Republican party as being progressive in all things and characterized the Democratic party as a party of opposition, resisting at every point all the great measures of Republican policy. After reviewing the position of the two parties in the past political conflicts, he said:

The Democratic party, by the vote of the Electoral College, is now in control of the executive branch of the Government. Grover Cleveland, who lived, and moved, and had his being during all these years in Buffalo, N. Y., without showing a particle of feeling or sympathy for the Union cause, without a name or a record as a citizen or soldier, until he was recently elected Sheriff of his county, is now President of the United States. This is a most remarkable fact, and the causes which led to it are well worthy the consideration of the American people. It was brought about, not by the discontent of the Republican masses, for the great body of them, embracing large majorities in nearly all the loyal States, heartily supported the Republican nominees, but by a coalition between the States lately in rebellion and the City of New York, aided no doubt to some extent by the usual and natural defections and personal controversies growing out of a long administration of power by a single party.

And now, fellow citizens, after eighteen months' trial, are you satisfied with the result of the change? Have Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party adopted any policy or proposed any measure that can be of any possible service to the people of Ohio or of the United States? In thinking over what I should say to you upon this subject I have read over his message, and, especially, his vetoes, and the more I read the more I wonder how he came to be President of the United States, and, especially, what cause led to such a change. More than one-third of his message is devoted to our foreign relations, and in that he says: "There are no questions of difficulty with any foreign Government," and highly commends the foreign policy of previous administrations. So here was no cause for a change.

But what shall we say of his management of our foreign affairs? Our fishing vessels are seized and detained for purchasing bait at Canadian ports, a right claimed and exercised for half a century, no firm remonstrance made, but a gentle and prolonged negotiation is going on with the British authorities to coax or buy a right or privilege only now denied. I do not wish to criticise until I know all the facts which we may be able to learn next winter. But this general dalliance with Great Britain is in striking contrast with the blustering demand made upon our neighboring republic, Mexico, for the possession of a characterless American adventurer, who, in Mexico, violated the laws of Mexico, and seems to have been too mildly treated for his offense by the Mexican authorities. I regret to say that I see nothing in the character or fitness of the men sent to represent us abroad or in the management of foreign affairs that can at all compare with that of Seward or Fish. But the people of the United States care but little for foreign diplomacy, but would like fewer Confederate brigadiers and more American patriots to represent even a Democratic administration abroad.

The Senator next reviewed the financial policy of the administration, claiming that it had caused prices to steadily fall, and the only hope for a prosperous future lay in the bounties of Providence in good crops and the active industries of a great people, and not the aid of Democratic financiering.

In referring to the President's stand on the question of protective tariff, the Senator said:

The President treats the tariff as gingerly as a monkey would a hot potato. He feels it, and runs from it. He favors the reduction of the tariff, but thinks it should be made on duties on imported necessaries of life, while the truth is that the American manufacturer now makes nearly all such articles consumed in this country, and the duties collected are mainly from articles of superfluity or luxury. There is not in his message one open, manly word in favor of the protection of American industry, but this is called "a pretext for a protective policy." Undoubtedly the great body of those who elected Mr. Cleveland are "free traders," and would, if they could, bring American laborers into a hard, close competition with the cheapest labor of Europe, and they will creep in that direction as fast as public opinion and the necessities of revenue will permit. Honest men may differ about the effect of protective duties, but no honest man of ordinary intelligence can doubt that the tendency and spirit of the Democratic party are toward "free trade" in the English sense of the phrase.

The Senator held that on all the other various subjects referred to by the President in his annual message, there is not a clause or paragraph indicating a broad national policy upon any subject. Mr. Sherman also paid his respects to the solid South, and said that the actual result of Cleveland's administration thus far is to prove that the pretenses upon which it was elected were false pretenses, and that the only material change has been to substitute in executive power the teachings, sympathies, and dogmas of the rebellion, with its leaders in the South and sympathizers in the North in high office, for the teachings, example, and principles of the Republican party and the Union cause.

After referring to the efforts of the Democrats in the House to pass the Morrison bill, and to break down, if possible, the protective system established by the Republicans, the speaker said;

This Republican policy has been the cause of the vast immigration to our country of industrious laborers, who have flocked to our shores to enjoy the safety and profit of our institutions, to share in our prosperity and to contribute their labor to the general wealth of the country. The wages paid for labor in this country are from fifty to one hundred per cent. more than in European countries, and thus our laborers have the comforts of social life, are able to educate their children, to improve their property condition, to secure homes and property, and become useful, intelligent, and respected citizens. But for the protection of these duties these varied employments would have to be abandoned, and those now so occupied would have to compete on the farm, increasing the amount of food production and reducing its value.

It is sometimes contended that raw materials and articles of food should be admitted duty free, and wool, coal, iron ore, stone, and lumber are classed as raw materials. But the error of this doctrine is that such a construction would deny to the farmer and the miner the same degree of protection to his labor that is freely conceded to the manufacturer. It may be that the farmer, with the natural advantages he enjoys in this country, may not need the same amount of protection required by the manufacturer, but still the principle of protection should be applied wherever it is needed, to protect the labor employed on the farm and in the mines as well as in the workshops. The woolen manufacturer may think that the article of wool is raw material, but to the farmer it is the representative of so much labor spent, so much care taken, so much money expended; and so the coal and iron ore delivered at the car and at the furnace is the representative of so much American labor bestowed, and this is entitled to the same protection as if performed in a workshop.

Among the false pretenses of the Democratic party, none is more false than their pretense that they ever have been or are now the friend of the laboring man. In their platform and speeches nothing is more common than the repetition of this falsehood. The Democratic party has never framed or adopted any measures of substantial benefit to laboring men. I know it is claimed that at the recent session of Congress a Democratic House passed the arbitration bill, and it was voted for by both parties. It came to the Senate and was favorably reported, but leading representatives of the Knights of Labor denounced it as a fraud and a sham, and so it was. It only permitted what is the law in every State—arbitration between parties willing to arbitrate. It was the barren husk of sheer demagogism, without virtue or merit. The Republican party has placed upon the statute books of Ohio and of the United States every measure of practical utility to laboring men to be found there, and is ready to adopt any practical measure that will tend to improve, elevate, or advance the condition, mental, moral, or physical, of the men who toil and labor, and their children. It is its interest and duty to do so, for upon the intelligence, worth and happiness of our people our safety as well as the success of our party depends. It is to the intelligence of the people, and not to their prejudices, we appeal. I have personally given to the many questions involved in the labor problem much study, and believe that protection, arbitration and co-operation, together with general education of all classes and conditions alike, will in time solve all disputes as to the division of the results of production, without resorting to anarchy, communism or socialism.

In conclusion, Senator Sherman referred to the pension legislation of the last Congress, taking the stand that the Democrats always opposed any bill looking to the betterment of the Union soldier. He also said he was no more in favor of cheap money than he was in favor of cheap labor or cheap words or cheap demagogism. He wanted an honest silver dollar equal to an honest gold dollar, and worth the same in every part of the United States and of the civilized world. He briefly referred to local issues, and in dealing with them said the purchase and sale of a seat in the United States Senate by the last Legislature had degraded and dishonored the State of Ohio, and will fix a lasting stain upon its fair fame unless they are repudiated by the people.

THE MODERN DIVES AND LAZARUS.

A Political Parable, Pertinent to the Present Day.

1. There was a certain Great Man, and a ruler of the people, who clothed himself in broadcloth and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day on costly wines and game in its season.

2. And like Jeshurun, who ruled over Israel, he waxed fat and became greatly puffed up, for within a very short space of time he had been taken from among the lowly and made ruler over many millions. Then forgot he what he had been and what he soon would be again. Such is the heart of man.

3. And every day he lifted up his voice and thanked God that he was not as other men—even Congressmen, but was wiser and more cunning and purer in heart than the lawgivers whom the people had set over themselves.

4. And he mocked them with a sharp tongue and many harsh words, and set their acts down as naught.

5. There was a certain Other Man, stricken in years and beset with sore afflictions. He had not waxed fat, neither had he become great, for in his youth he had gone out to fight for his country while the Great Man staid at home and gathered wealth, and made himself solid as the common speech hath it, with his partisans.

6. It had come to pass that the Other Man while fighting for his country had been compassed about by its enemies, who smote him grievously. They hewed off his arm with the edge of the sword, and they brake his leg with their missiles of war.

7. Now he came to the door of the White House, and looked up and saw the Great Man sitting there arrayed like unto a fashion plate, and digesting a good dinner by the aid of a good cigar from the isles of the Southern seas.

8. And he cried aloud unto the Great Man, saying: "Oh, Cleveland, thou art great, and art set in a high place! May you live long and your shadow never be less. Sign, I beseech you, the bill which the lawgivers have presented you, for verily my need is great, and my little ones cry for bread. I ask only what the country promised me."

9. And the Great Man answered him scornfully, and said: "Verily, you are one of those who got bumped on the pommels of their saddles. Go to, you shall have naught."

10. Then brake the heart of the old soldier, and he lay down and gave up the ghost, and his bones were laid in the potter's field.

[The remainder of the MS. of this interesting recital seems to have been lost in the mails, but we find that the original story in St. Luke continues in this wise:]

The rich man also died and was buried:

23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.

24. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.—*National Tribune.*

SIMMERINGS.

Willing to be a martyr at the steak—every hungry fellow.

Liberal union men—the Mormons.

The height of absurdity—high-heeled boots.

Motto for persons who preserve fruit—they can who think they can.

Sign of good-breeding—getting the prize at a dog show.

A hot quarter—the summer season.

Niagara Falls—of course it does.

Matchless women—old maids.

A flank movement—papa with a strap.

Bound to be bounced—a ball.

The telephone is feminine—it talks back.

Plays for high steaks—the butcher.

Not caused by the fall of night—the break of day.

THE APACHES.

Extracts from Gen. Miles' Report to the War Department.

Experience of the Troops on the Trail—Three Days Without Rations.

[Washington special.]

The controversy as to what assurance Gen. Miles gave Geronimo and his band is settled by the following, which is Gen. Miles' own language, and is an extract from his last annual report:

The efforts of a small party of Indians to get through the lines south of Bowie, near the boundary, and their action in not committing any depredations, indicated a desire to surrender or get past the troops to the agency. When near Fronteras there was some communication between the Indians and the local authorities regarding terms of peace, but it amounted to nothing, as the Indians would not place themselves in the hands of the Mexicans. At the request of Captain Lawton I joined his command on the evening of September 3, at Skeleton Canyon, a favorite resort of the Indians in former years, and well suited by name and tradition to witness the closing scenes of such an Indian war. While en route to join Lawton's command, Geronimo had sent his own brother with the interpreter to Fort Bowie to see me, and if not as a hostage, as an assurance of their submission and desire to surrender, and as an earnest of good faith. Soon after reaching Lawton's command, Geronimo came into our camp and dismounted; then, coming forward unarmed, he recounted his grievance, and the cause of his leaving the reservation. Immediately before and after the surrender several official communications were received regarding these Indians, but their surrender was in accordance with measures I had taken and directions given to bring it about months before, and the direct result of the intrepid zeal and indefatigable efforts of the troops in the field; when they surrendered they had not ammunition enough to make another fight. At the time referred to I did not suppose that the Indians who surrendered or were captured would in any marked degree be considered different from those hostile Indians who had in the past surrendered to others and to myself in other parts of the country. Such men as Natchez and Geronimo occupy the same status as Red Cloud, who led the Fort Fetterman massacre; Chief Joseph, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Eagle, Sitting Bull, and thousands of others, many of whom have burned and mutilated their living victims.

The report gives in some detail and very graphically accounts of the experience of the troops in pursuing the Indians and of the fighting that occurred. In speaking of one of the pursuits through Arizona he says:

In this pursuit Lieut. Brett displayed great energy and determination. The Indians, going over the roughest mountains, breaking down one set of horses, would abandon them and pass straight over the highest ranges and steal others in the valleys below, while the troops, in order to pursue them, were obliged to send their horses around the impassable mountain heights and follow the trail on foot, climbing in the ascent and sliding in the descent. He went at one time twenty-six hours without halt and was without water during eighteen hours in the intense heat of that season.

Of Capt. Lawton's pursuit he says:

From that time Capt. Lawton, with a fresh command, assumed the arduous and difficult task of pursuing them continuously through the broken mountainous country of Sonora for nearly three months. A portion of the command leading on the trail were without rations five days, three days being the longest continuous period. They subsisted on two or three deer killed by the scouts and mule meat without salt.

Gen. Miles meant, from the first, to get all the dangerous Indians out of the two Territories, as is shown by the following extract:

Soon after assuming command of the department, I became convinced that there could be no permanent peace or lasting settlement of the chronic condition of the warfare that had for centuries afflicted the territories now comprising Arizona and New Mexico and the bordering Mexican states until the hostile Apache Indians then on the war-path were captured or destroyed, and those at the agencies entirely removed from that mountainous region. The trails they had made in past years showed that their raids had been from the agency through the settlements and back again to that source of evil, and every few years their boys became full-fledged warriors, who, in order to achieve distinction according to the traditions and practices of their fathers, were compelled to commit savage acts of devastation.

Mangus' Band Captured.

[Washington dispatch.]

The following telegram from General Miles, dated Fort Apache, Arizona, has been transmitted by General Howard to the War Department:

A detachment under Captain Cooper, Tenth Cavalry, has just arrived at the post, having captured Mangus and his whole party, consisting of Mangus, two men, three squaws, and five children; also, twenty-nine mules and five ponies, all of which were brought in.

VIELE, Captain Commanding.

These Indians have been pursued by Lieutenant Johnson and others through Chiricahua, Mexico, and New Mexico since September 7.

MILES, General Commanding.

A later dispatch, dated San Francisco, from Assistant Adjutant General McKeever, says the following telegram had been received from General Miles:

"Mangus, who was captured by Capt. Cooper, states that part of his band was captured by Mexicans and never heard from afterward. This would seem to confirm other reports, and gave rise to the report that Mangus himself had been killed. Capt. Viele, commanding Fort Apache, states that he believes we have all that are left of the Mangus party."

It is learned at the War Department that the Indians above referred to formed a part of Geronimo's band, but separated from that warrior's band last April when he offered to surrender to Gen. Crook. Nothing definite was known of Mangus' movements after the separation, but it was reported that he had escaped into Mexico and had been killed by the Mexicans.

"WELL, Bobby," said young Featherly, "we had quite an agreeable time at the house last evening." "Yes, indeed," replied Bobby; "ma was speaking about you at the breakfast table this morning." "So your ma enjoyed the evening, too, did she?" "Yes. She told pa that she could never think of you without laughing."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is thinking of taking a permanent home in New York. She is very fond of the place, it is so full of interviewers.

MRS. LANGTRY now threatens to write a novel.

WILD BILL HICKOK'S ROMANCE.

The One Love of His Life—How He Figured the Chances of His Death.

"About a year before he died I met 'Wild Bill' Hickok on a train on this road," said ex-State's Attorney Luther Laflin Mills, as we were borne southward over the Chicago and Alton Road one afternoon. "Bill and I had an entire sleeping-car to ourselves from Kansas City to Chicago. When I introduced myself to him I was a little surprised and quiet pleased to learn of his identity. He was a fine-looking man, past 40 years of age, with remarkable eyes—quick and restless as a greyhound's, bright and clear, and the color of cold, blue steel. He was a vain fellow, and justly proud of his hands, which were small, white, and shapely.

"Of course I talked to him about himself. I asked him how many men he had killed. He replied that he had killed thirty-two in 'private fights,' and he didn't know how many he had killed in the war of the rebellion and in frontier skirmishes. He related many of his shooting experiences, and added, impressively, that he had never killed a man unjustly—that in his fights he had always been in the right. I said 'Certainly, Mr. Hickock; I had no doubt of it.' You can readily see that I did not care to take issue with him on that question.

"He said he was born and raised in LaSalle County, Ill., and had gone West when he was a young man, twenty-five years before. He was at the time marshal of Abilene, Kas., a very bad town, where he had, in his official administration, killed six men in as many months. He was compelled to do this, he said, to restore order, as the cowboys had taken possession of the town, and the good people of Abilene had made him marshal, knowing that he loved peace and would have it.

"I asked him if he had ever visited Chicago. He said he had, a few years before our meeting, and then he told me the one gentle romance of his life.

"General Phil Sheridan and party had engaged Bill as a guide on a buffalo-hunting expedition. Sheridan took a liking to Bill, and insisted upon his returning to Chicago with him and making a visit. Bill came, and remained for some time at Sheridan's house. 'The first Sunday after I got to Chicago,' said Bill, 'Sheridan said to me that he was going to church, and would like to have me go along. I said I hadn't been to church for twenty years, but I'd just as lief go. So we went to Plymouth Church, down on Wabash or Michigan avenue. The feller at the door knew Sheridan, and he took us away up in front, near the preacher. About the time the sermon began an old, white-haired man and a young woman came into the pew in front of us. I could see only the side of the woman's face, but I felt sure I knew her. I didn't hear the sermon at all; I just kept looking at the young woman all the time, with a strange sort of feeling as if I was haunted, and my thoughts kept going back to when I was a boy down in La Salle County.

"'Well, when we all got up to receive the benediction I saw the young woman's face, and my heart come right up into my neck for I knew her. There was the only woman I ever loved, and I had loved her ever since I was a boy down in LaSalle County.

"'She was Maria Baldwin, and the man with her was her father, Herman Baldwin. I won't tell you why I didn't marry her, but my love for her was one of the reasons why I went out West.

"'When I saw her face and knew who she was I just bolted down the aisle and stood guard at the door, waiting for her. When she came out I went up to her and said: 'Maria, do you know me?'

"She looked at me a minute, and said:

"'No, sir, I do not.'

"'Well,' said I, kind o' bracing up, 'I am Willie Hickok.'

"'Well, you should a seen her. The tears come in her eyes, and she took my hand in both of hers and held it. She told the old man who I was, and the old man said: "Why, Bill, is that you?" and he shook my hand and was glad to see me. Then both of them insisted on my going to dinner with them, and I went. We talked all afternoon and away into the night about old times down in La Salle County, and I tell you it was the happiest day of my life. But I couln't stand it to stay in Chicago any longer, and I started for the West the next day.'

"I was much interested in this story," resumed Mr. Mills, "for I knew Mr. Baldwin, and I felt more kindly toward 'Wild Bill.' I asked him if he expected to return to the West after his visit to Chicago. He said he did, and that when he left me he would bid me goodby forever. He had a great many desperate enemies, and from his calculation of the law of chances he could not live more than a year. He expected to be shot and to die with his boots on. Sure enough, within ten months of the time I met him on the train he was shot in the back and killed in a saloon out West."

Love's Gratitude.

Intimate Girl Friend (to young bride)—"You never told me how you became acquainted with Sydney." Young Bride—"Didn't I? How funny! Well, you see, I first met him in the country on a lovely June day. I was visiting Mrs. Motherly—dear me! I can smell the roses in her garden yet—and she said: 'I've invited a young man, a favorite of mine, to call here this afternoon, because I want to introduce him to you. He's such a nice fellow!' And it was Sydney; and so that June day proved to be the most fortunate of my life." Intimate Girl Friend—"And why wasn't Mrs. Motherly at your wedding?" Young Bride—"Good gracious! We never thought of her. She wasn't invited."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE St. Mary's River, in Indiana, is usually almost without water in the summer. But recently, without any reason on account of rains along its course or those of its tributaries, the water at Decatur rose three feet. The water is very cold and very clear, and the theory is that springs in the bed of the river are the cause of the sudden rise. If the water continues cold, the stream will be stocked with brook-trout.